

Good Vibrations

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Good Vibrations

by Anonymous

Summary

"C'mon, you can tell me, you know that."

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Dream looks at him with a smile, running a hand through George's hair, leaning in closer to him. "So why'd you ask for a video rather than asking to suck me off? Would've let you, you know that."

George keeps his eyes on the floor as Dream speaks, but Dream doesn't seem to like that. He gently grabs George's chin, forcing eye contact, thumbing gently at his cheekbone.

George can't look away, and it isn't because of the hand holding his head in place.

"I - I wanted to watch, just to - to see if you -"

"To see if I was good enough?"

"Yeah."

"And was I?"

George lets out a shaky breath. "...Yeah."

*

or, george likes the feeling of dick twitching inside of him.

Notes

i am very rusty when it comes to smut, don't judge too hard

the porn with plot tag is because there's a small amount of plot.

Chapter 1

Everyone has their thing in bed, even those who are strictly vanilla. Some people like lips a little more than others, some people enjoy the feeling of being pinned down, some people like certain positions over other ones...The list goes on, really.

Hell, even George's best friends have things they like, because that's just how it is in life. He knows what they like because they're all open with each other about *everything*, and although listening to your best friend detail a hookup he had isn't always something you're intrigued in, George listens. It's not uncomfortable, genuinely; that's just how their friend group works.

Which is why he feels guilty about not telling his two best friends what *he* likes.

Sapnap, who's barely even had sex in his life, already has an idea of what he likes. He'd told George on one of their day calls, one of the calls others knew not to intrude on, during some random conversation. He was embarrassed, but George assured him that the topic of sex isn't something to be embarrassed over, because it's normal. So Sapnap told him, *in vague detail*, that he enjoys having his hair pulled. It had surprised George, sure, but it wasn't something to ridicule him over.

Dream, on the other hand, had practically displayed his sex life on a silver platter for George at three in the morning, telling him every little thing he likes - he likes thighs, he likes pretty pink lips, he likes people smaller than him, things like that. George had just sat there, letting the information wash over him, and then Dream asked.

"What's *your* thing?"

At the time, George had blushed, hiding his face. Dream thought it was because he was into something super weird, and to George, he felt like he was. But instead of just telling him, he simply shrugged.

"I don't--I don't really know. That's all."

Lie.

He was surprised when Dream didn't call him out for lying, considering Dream could tell when he lied. Instead of calling him out, which honestly, George would've *preferred* in this situation, Dream simply smiled.

"Well, you know...If you ever need help figuring things out, I'm a phone call away. Anything you need, George."

And now here George is, laying in his bed at his shared house with Dream and Sapnap, staring up at the ceiling, genuinely considering asking Dream for help. Not with figuring out what he likes, though.

George knows what he likes. What he *craves*, really. It's specific and niche, but fuck, he *needs* it.

George's *thing* is the feeling of cock throbbing inside him, whether it be his hole or his mouth. It's the feeling of it pulsing inside of him, cum filling him up, leaving him warm and satisfied. He enjoys watching it as well, seeing as most of his PornHub and Reddit history is videos or gifs of men cumming down pretty girl's throats, throbbing and twitching inside, hips barely thrusting in and out.

It's specific. It's borderline weird.

And George loves it more than anything.

*

George eventually finds out that Dream has a fleshlight, apparently. How does he find out? Well, *Sapnap* had told him, giggling like it was an elementary school secret, telling him that he had walked into Dream's room only to find it discarded on his nightstand with Dream sound asleep in bed, and that the toy is clear. From the sound of things, Dream doesn't know that Sapnap - and now George - knows, and Sapnap wants to keep it that way.

Unfortunately for him, the idea of Dream having a fleshlight ignites something inside George, and George *has* to say something.

All he can think about for *days* after finding out is the idea of watching Dream fuck his toy, cumming time after time, his cock twitching and throbbing inside of it with each load. The idea swirls in his head, especially when he sees Dream, and it gets harder by the day to keep his mouth shut.

The thing is, he knows Dream would show him if he asked. He knows that. Dream offering to help him explore what he likes isn't the first time he's offered something like that. Dream had made it incredibly clear that if George ever needed something of the sort, he'd be willing to help him. For any other friends, that might be weird, but not for them. Never for them.

And so here he is.

george

> can i ask you something

> don't wanna ask in person

He stares at his ceiling, fingers drumming against his sternum, waiting for a reply. It feels like hell, honestly, anxiety filling every part of his body, squeezing lightly on his heart. Luckily for him, Dream is always quick to reply.

dream

> of course

> what's up?

George takes a deep breath, letting his thumbs speed over his keyboard, hitting send on the messages and closing the conversation before he can reread what he said.

george

> don't tell sapnap that i'm telling you this because he made it clear he didnt want u to know in case you'd be embarrassed but

> basically he found out u have a fleshlight and he told me and i havent stopped thinking about it

> you can say no and we can forget i ever asked but i really want a video of you .. getting off with it

> it's part of My thing

There's radio silence for about five minutes after the read receipt comes through, not that George

knows that. He just goes back to staring at the ceiling.

He nearly passes out when the text comes through and he sees what it says.

dream

> okay

> tell me how exactly you want it and i'll do it for you

> anything for you, okay?

George hasn't ever been this relieved before, and he giggles quietly at that. He eagerly describes to Dream what he wants, down to the angle of the camera, emphasizing that he wants to *see* his cock as he cums. Of course, he can't be certain that Dream will really throb, but at this point he doesn't really care. He's just happy to get this.

He puts his phone away with a big, dopey smile, knowing that in a few hours, he'd get to see Dream do what he so desperately wants to see.

*

The video comes through a few hours later, just like George expected. Sappnap's away at Karl's currently, leaving them both alone in the house, and George grins to himself. *He can be loud*, if need be.

George shifts about, palming himself for a few moments before pulling the video up to get himself hard. He's laying on his side, one hand holding his phone as he pulls his pants off, reaching over to grab a bit of lube. Without a second thought, he pulls up the video and slowly starts touching himself.

The first thing he sees is Dream dripping lube over the toy before slipping a few fingers in, something George had requested. It makes George lick his lips, anticipating Dream's next move, eager to see how it goes.

Eventually, finally, Dream sticks the toy between two pillows so that it's propped up, pinning the top pillow down before moving the camera so George can see the slide of his cock in and out of the toy. George lets out a shaky breath as Dream slowly pushes in.

"Mm, fuck," Dream mutters, playing quietly on the speakers of George's phone. The sound leaves George's head floaty and warm, hand speeding up just a bit.

Dream looks *good*. Not just his physique, though that's great as well, but his cock - it's big. Dream's cock is *big*, and George is drooling over it. He's drooling onto his pillow, eyes latched onto the toy, watching as Dream fucks into it like there's no tomorrow, and all George can think about is how good it'd feel inside of him.

Oh, god, he needs Dream inside of him.

George can feel it, the bubble of arousal in the pit of his stomach, swelling and growing until he's warm, right on the edge of cumming all over his fist.

And then he watches.

He watches as Dream cums into the toy, only halfway pushed in like George had asked, cock throbbing and twitching more than George had ever seen.

The bubble pops.

George's head spins as he cums, letting out a broken, ruined whimper, helplessly thrusting into his hand.

After he cleans up, he decides on one thing - *he needs Dream's cock*.

*

Things are somehow even better between the two of them after that, rather than being awkward or tense. There's a few smirks sent George's way, which he expected, but other than that, they don't mention it.

But George *wants* to mention it. He wants to talk about it, he wants to let it evolve into something else, something *more*.

So he does.

"Dream," he says, drumming his fingers against the arm of the couch. It's been a week and a half since the video and George has gotten off to it more times than he'd like to admit. Dream smiles at the mention of his name, giving him his full attention. "Are we ever gonna talk about it?"

Dream stares at him, blush tinting his features for a moment, before he grins, an almost mischievous look settling on his face. "Only if you wanna talk about it."

"Well - well I do..."

"Alright, shoot."

George shifts in his spot, legs curled up close to himself, barely able to keep eye contact. "I wanna...I wanna feel it."

Dream stares at him.

"...Feel what?"

George's face flushes, hiding it with his hands, groaning in embarrassment. Dream just scoots closer to him, placing a gentle hand on his back with a teasing smile.

"C'mon, you can tell me, you know that."

George bites his lip. "I want - I wanna feel *you*." He looks down at the floor. "Um, inside me. Specifically in my mouth, at least this time, it's - my thing is, like...the, uh, feeling of *it* t-twitching in me."

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"I - I wanted to watch, just to - to see if you -"

"To see if I was good enough?"

"Yeah."

"And was I?"

George lets out a shaky breath. "...Yeah."

Dream hums, thumb slowly moving down to George's mouth, gently pressing it down against his lip. "Well then," he murmurs. "You can have me, George. Your lips would look so pretty wrapped around my cock, y'know? I've thought about it before..."

George, feeling oddly bold, darts his tongue out between his lips, licking the tip of Dream's thumb for a moment. "Should've told me," he whispers, soon readjusting their positions on the couch so that he can crawl between Dream's legs. He rests his head on his thigh. "I would've gotten on my knees for you in a heartbeat."

Dream sighs quietly at that, smiling at George, who just slides his thumbs under Dream's pants like he's asking for permission. "Go ahead," he says, ruffling George's hair for the hell of it.

With a soft intake of breath, as though he's preparing himself, George slips Dream's sweatpants down his thighs, leaving him in his boxers, half hard and waiting. He leans in, mouthing at the bulge and peppering open-mouthed kisses against the fabric of his boxers. The sight - and feel - makes Dream moan under his breath, affectionately rubbing his thumb across George's forehead.

"You look good like this," Dream says after a while, letting George do his thing. He's already fully hard, but George doesn't seem to care. He continues on with his foreplay. "So beautiful."

George blushes, blinking slowly, staring up at Dream. "You really think that?" he asks, voice airy and soft, like he's *surprised*. Dream just laughs quietly.

"Of course I do, Georgie," he coos, and George practically melts, eyes going hazy. He lightly bucks his hips against the couch at the compliment. "Oh? Do you like that?"

George rolls his eyes and huffs in an attempt to make it seem like he didn't care, but Dream sees right through him, and George knows it. He takes a deep breath as his head goes floaty. "I - I like praise, and...and being told that I'm pretty or attractive or whatever."

Dream smiles, ruffling his hair again, laughing at the way George scrunches his nose up. "I'll praise you all you want, how's that sound? Pretty boy."

Dream *swears* he can see George's eyes roll back a bit, but he doesn't say anything.

"Okay," George whispers, a dazed smile on his face. "I'd like that, Dream. A lot."

And then things fall silent again.

George takes this opportunity to slowly, *teasingly* pull Dream's boxers down, licking his lips when he's met with his cock. It's big, bigger than he thought from the video, and it's leaking, small droplets of precum gathering and dripping from the tip. It looks so much better in person, the length an ever-so-slightly pinkened version of Dream's normal skin tone and the tip flushed purple and red, begging to be touched. George's eyes immediately land on the thick vein on the side of it, smiling to himself.

He leans in and licks the vein, starting from the base, before using the very tip of his tongue to

practically *massage* the head of his cock. Dream moans, quiet but not restrained, hand just barely tightening in George's hair.

"C'mon, George," he mumbles, voice a bit deeper, a bit raspier, staring into his eyes. "Stop teasing, yeah? Be a good boy, c'mon..."

George whines at that, torn between his need to be good and his want to tease.

His need eventually takes over.

George wraps his pretty pink lips around the tip, sucking softly before he takes more in, going about halfway down. He tongues at the underside, sucking around him, hollowing his cheeks as he continues to take more and more in until he's gagging lightly, so close yet so far from the base. Dream just smiles in between moans.

"There we go, baby, that's right," he coos, caressing his face with one hand and using the other to play with his hair. "Look at you, all good for me. I was right, you know, your lips do look pretty wrapped around me."

George hums, though it doesn't really make a noise. The feeling makes Dream moan, though, which George counts as a win.

"Do you think you could take it all?" Dream asks, voice calming and quiet, and the floaty feeling in George's head grows. He hums again, doing his best to nod. "Take your time, don't hurt yourself trying. Such a pretty boy for me, my good, pretty boy."

George's eyes fall shut at the words, feeling at *peace* with the way Dream calls him his, whether it's intentional or not. The floatiness just grows and grows, sending George into a spiral quicker than ever, and he loves it. He wants to be good, completely good, and listen to every little command, all for Dream.

The realization makes him pull off.

"Dream, I -" he starts, words slightly slurred, and Dream looks at him with so much concern in his eyes that it hurts. "S'just - I, um, I feel...Floaty. Like, I wanna be - wanna be good 'n listen t'you 'n make you proud and - and I don't wanna do th't without some sort of p-precautions."

Dream's expression softens, now staring at him with pure adoration, slowly sliding his thumb back and forth over George's cheekbone. "Like a safeword, yeah?" he asks, and George nods, leaning into his touch. "Does the traffic light thing work for you?" Another nod. "Okay, 'n then...how 'bout you pinch my thigh if it's too much?" Yet another nod. Dream smiles, shifting about until he can press a kiss to George's forehead, giggling at the way George leans into that touch as well. "I'll take care of you, okay? Just tell me if anything's wrong."

With a final nod, Dream goes back to his original position, this time with one hand loosely gripping George's hair and the other holding his cock at the base. "I'm gonna help you take it, okay, baby? You just sit here 'n let me guide you. You've already done so good, Georgie."

George lets his mouth fall open, staring at Dream with half lidded eyes, waiting patiently for him to start guiding him. Dream smiles and slowly, slowly, slowly guides him down his cock, letting out a moan at the feeling of George's warm, wet mouth around him. George just lays there and takes it, takes as much as Dream gives him, until he's gagging and his nose brushes against Dream's skin.

"Fuck," Dream mutters, low and deep, not pulling George off until tears well up in his eyes and drip down his pretty, flushed red cheeks. George takes as many breaths in as he can before Dream

pulls him back down, starting a slow but steady pace as he practically uses him as a fleshlight. "Look so pretty. Such a pretty boy. *My pretty boy, isn't that right?*"

George moans around him, muffled and broken and whiny, desperately tonguing at Dream when he can. The feeling of being used, though gently and oddly lovingly, has him more turned on than ever, barely able to hold back from rutting against the couch. Dream seems to notice.

"Touch yourself for me, okay?" he whispers, and George does as he says, shoving a hand down his pants and using his own precum as lube. Dream pulls him off for a moment. "How about...you can only touch when you've got your mouth full, okay? So if I pull you off, you have to stop. How's that sound, pretty boy?"

George nods, quick and needy, pulling his hand off since he isn't sucking Dream off at the moment. "Okay, 'kay, th't sounds good," he breathes, tears still slowly slipping down his cheeks. Dream uses one of his thumbs to wipe the tears up before pushing the thumb between George's lips, forcing him to taste his own tears.

"God, you're so beautiful, baby," Dream whispers, giving George one last look before slipping his cock between his lips again, grinning to himself when George goes back to stroking himself.

Much to George's surprise, Dream doesn't pull him off for a while. He continues his slow, steady pace, letting George take control here and there, allowing him to tongue at the tip to properly taste his precum. But of course, Dream is, well, *Dream, so he has something up his sleeve, and George really should've seen it coming. It's quite clear that George is close - he's whimpering around Dream, fucking into his own hand, face blushing more as the tears flow faster - and Dream takes advantage of that.*

Just as George is about to cum, he pulls George away. George immediately stops touching himself.

"Dream," he whines - no, sobs - with a pitiful look, whimpering and rubbing one of his eyes, trying to rid himself of tears.

To anyone else, he'd look pathetic.

To Dream, he looks ethereal.

"I know, baby, I know," Dream murmurs, letting the tip of his cock rest against George's lips. George doesn't dare lick at him, not wanting to be bad. "I'll take care of you, I promise. That's what I'm doing, okay? Do you trust me?"

George nods, leaning his head against Dream's thigh, crying against his skin. Dream plays with his hair for a few moments before guiding him back onto his cock, moving him a little bit faster this time.

This cycle continues for a while, Dream edging both himself and George, for the sole purpose of watching George cry. Eventually though, Dream gets too needy himself, moaning out into the open air.

"Stop touching," he breathes, only for the fact he wants to try something out. George instantaneously complies, though not without a few needy whines, pulling his hand from his pants and instead gripping Dream's thighs. Dream speeds up again, listening to the way George gags here and there, whimpering around him. "Gonna cum, baby, you want that? Wanna feel it in your mouth?"

George sobs, doing his best to nod around Dream, though it doesn't really work. Dream giggles at

his effort, thrusting up into his throat before shoving George all the way down, cumming hard down his throat.

It's fucking glorious.

The feeling is everything George needed and more, the twitch of Dream's cock against his tongue sending him into a complete daze, eagerly swallowing as much of his cum as he can. Some of it drips out of his mouth, down his chin, leaving him a complete mess as he takes in the heavenly feeling of Dream's cock pulsing inside of his mouth.

He barely realizes as he cums hard in his pants, just from the feeling of Dream's cock throbbing in his mouth.

Dream breathes out, watching as George's body tenses and completely relaxes after a moment. He was right - George could cum just from the feeling. Holy shit.

Dream slowly pulls him off, helping him lay down against the opposite arm of the couch. "Lay here, Georgie, I'll be back in just a minute, okay?"

George, who can barely think let alone speak, just nods, eyes falling shut.

Dream keeps true to his word, returning back quickly with a warm, wet rag, a cold bottle of water, and a change of clothes for both of them. "Sit up, baby," he coos, helping George sit up. He helps him out of his pants and boxers, using the rag to clean his face before cleaning his thighs and dick. He opens the bottle and brings it to George's lips. "Drink up."

George sips from the bottle, staring hazily at Dream the whole time. Once he drinks what Dream thinks is a sufficient amount for now, Dream helps him into a new set of clothes - the infamous Dream hoodie George bought and a pair of sweatpants. Dream changes into a t-shirt and his Gators sweatpants, smiling at George.

"C'mere," he says, opening his arms. George shuffles over and falls against his chest, wrapping himself around Dream. With a soft kiss to his forehead, Dream picks him up, carrying him to his bedroom with a quick stop to the laundry room, throwing the dirty clothes and rag in the washing machine for later.

By the time they get to Dream's bedroom, George is sound asleep, snoring against Dream's shoulder. Dream just smiles and lays him down, cuddling up next to him.

"Goodnight, Georgie," he whispers, pressing a kiss to his nose before following suit and falling asleep, cuddled up to him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

mind added tags! not much plot in this one, it just jumps straight into the action really.
i hope this is good enough

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It only made sense that eventually, George would be in the position he is, spread out on the bed with three of Dream's fingers in his ass, moaning each time they brushed against his prostate. Seriously, months - no, *years* - worth of weird sexual *and oddly romantic* tension was unravelled during the night they spent together, so the next logical step was this. Obviously.

Everything up until now was amazing, really. George became more open to affection from Dream, and Dream spent more time doting on George, if that was even possible. Things were nice. Pleasant. Comfortable.

And then George's need bubbled back up, flowing through his stomach and through his throat until he couldn't keep it in, the need seeping through jumbled words in the middle of the night after a feral boys stream train.

"Are we ever gonna do more?" he blurted, sat cross-legged in his computer chair as Dream fidgeted with a Rubik's cube. George wasn't entirely sure where he got it from. "Like, I mean -"

"I know what you mean," Dream said, smiling at him in an unfairly kind way, patting the area next to him. George stumbled over, sitting down.

Things went from there. A messy, needy kiss, a few murmured words about how pretty the other looked, a hand in George's hair, and eventually the tossing of clothes to the other side of the room.

And now here they are.

The first thing George noticed when Dream started stretching him is that his fingers are unnecessarily big. They're wide and long in a way George had never experienced until now, working him open persistently but gently, taking care not to hurt him in any way. One became two became three, and George is already seeing stars. He swears he can see Dream's face reflected in them.

"Relax for me, George," Dream says, pressing a kiss to his shoulder, right over a small patch of freckles. He's definitely just drawing out the preparation phase, but George can't find it in himself to mind. He sighs and does his best to relax, moaning out as Dream presses against his prostate. "There we go, baby. You're absolutely perfect."

George moans again, shifting a little on the bed, gently grinding against Dream's fingers. "Please," he whispers, face flushed red, a thin layer of sweat shining on his skin. "Dream, *please*."

Dream doesn't reply, instead choosing to continue the soft, yet fast, movements of his fingers, purposely only hitting George's prostate every few thrusts to keep him on edge. The feeling sends George falling, dizzy and floaty and warm, even more so than when Dream was gagging him on

his cock. It feels like heaven, like the transition from a mortal plane to something higher, something created by Dream solely for George.

His own personal haven.

Finally, *finally*, Dream pulls his fingers out, and George swears he can hear heaven's trumpets rejoicing, celebrating the change, even though it's quiet in the room. The only noise is Dream squeezing out more lube, slowly coating his cock. George closes his eyes and listens, breathing deeply.

"How do you want me?" George mumbles, absentmindedly spreading his legs, waiting for Dream's instructions. He's always liked being told what to do in bed, but Dream increased that tenfold. Now he craves it.

Dream wipes his hand on a discarded towel from a shower George took earlier, throwing it back to the floor without much care. He grabs George by the hips, maneuvering him into what position he wants, ass up in the air with his head resting on his arms. "Like this, baby," he coos, peppering kisses all over George's shoulders and back, loosely grabbing his legs and spreading them a bit further apart. George doesn't protest the action. "Are you ready?"

George nods. "Please, need it, please..."

Dream hums, lining up with his hole, giving one last kiss to his shoulder before he pushes in, revelling in the way George moans out, hands shooting out to grasp at the bedsheets. Dream is long and thick and *perfect*, filling George up until George swears he can feel it in his goddamn throat, nice and full. One of Dream's hands trails down his body, his pretty, soft body, landing at his stomach and pressing down.

"I can feel myself there, baby," Dream breathes, scraping his teeth against George's shoulder and neck. He grabs one of George's hands and presses it over the bulge, making him feel it as well. "I'll hold you up, okay? Just *feel*."

George whimpers as Dream wraps his arms around his waist, holding him close and tight before he starts pulling out, only to slam back in, making George *squeal*. The bulge in his stomach flattens and bulges again with each thrust, each little movement, and it drives him utterly insane.

"So good, you're doing so good," Dream says, working up to a steady pace, slow and gentle to get George used to it. "Pretty boy. Tell me when you need more, okay?"

George nods, whining with each thrust, both of his hands clasped over his stomach still. Dream has his chest pressed to his back, pressing open mouth kisses over his neck and jaw, sucking marks here and there to lay his claim on the boy beneath him. It's absolutely euphoric, the possessiveness getting to Dream's head as he sucks more, sucks harder, making a point to leave pretty purple hickeys all over his skin.

"*Dream*," George whines, growing tired of the slow pace, needing more, more, *more*. "Please, faster, please? Don't - Don't be afraid t'hurt me, just -"

Dream doesn't need more convincing, squeezing George impossibly closer before he starts pounding into him, long and deep thrusts that leave George trembling, crying out. It's not long before Dream thrusts into his prostate and George *sobs*, tears welling up and spilling over down his cheeks and onto the bed below. Dream smiles, reaching a hand up to tilt George's head, kissing his tears away.

“So beautiful,” he mumbles, swiping some of the tears up with his thumb and pressing it into George’s mouth, forcing him to taste it. George laps at his thumb, whimpering around the thumb, eyes hazy and unfocused. Dream smiles. “You’re such a good boy, Georgie. Feel so good around me...”

Dream lets his thumb fall away, grabbing George and manhandling him until he’s pressed face down against the bed, resting on his chest, ass up in the air. The slight change in angle helps him fuck George faster, deeper, and George trembles, sobbing hard against the bed, shaking as he gets closer and closer.

“Need t’cum, please Dream, please I need it,” George whimpers, clenching so hard on the bed sheets that his knuckles turn white, skin stretched taut against his bones.

Dream pulls out.

“Wh - *Dream!*” George cries, hitting the bed with his feet in a fit of frustration, so close yet so goddamn far from cumming. He cries and cries as Dream runs his hands over his skin, kissing all over his back, gently massaging his scalp, just *soothing* him until he calms down.

“Shh, baby,” Dream coos. He helps George turn over, laying him down on his back, leaning in and pulling him into a soft, loving kiss that makes George giggle through his tears. “You look so pretty when you cry for me.”

George blushes, sniffing a bit, wrapping his arms around Dream’s neck. “S’ a good thing you’re good at making me cry, then,” he says, and Dream laughs, pressing their foreheads together.

They lay there for a few seconds, simply breathing together, before Dream pulls away, guiding George’s legs around his lower body. “C’mere,” he murmurs, and George wraps his arms around him again, cuddling him nice and close as Dream slowly pushes back in again.

This time, Dream doesn’t hesitate to start pounding into him, leaving George crying once again. Dream lets the tears flow, watches as they cascade down his cheeks, slipping onto the bed, wetting the sheets below. It’s beautiful, it’s *hot*, and Dream can’t stop staring. George looks so good when he’s in pleasure.

Dream never wants to look away.

Yet again, the cycle continues, going from harsh, deep thrusts to pulling out, edging George over and over until George literally cannot take it, weakly hitting his palms against Dream’s shoulders, barely coherent at this point.

“Dream, s’too much...” he mumbles, head lolling to the side, eyes half lidded and dazed. Dream continues to stare at him, taking in the sight. “Need t’cum, *hurts*, lemme cum...”

Dream leans down, pressing soft, comforting kisses to his forehead and cheeks before finally landing on his lips, smiling against his skin. “Okay, okay,” he whispers, pushing back in for the final time. “Lay here ‘n let me take care of you, yeah?”

George nods, lips parted as he pants, tongue sticking out of his mouth, unable to make any other noises. Dream bites his lip.

He lets his mouth fall open, allowing spit to drip from his mouth to George’s, and the sight of George eagerly swallowing it and opening his mouth again as though he’s begging for more is what sends Dream over the edge. He cums *hard*, pounding it into George for a few moments before he goes still, letting George feel the way his cock twitches inside.

George cries out, back arching, cumming against his stomach, nails digging into Dream's shoulders, in absolute *bliss* at the feeling of Dream cumming in him, twitching in him, effectively filling him up until he feels nice and warm and full.

They stay in that position for a few more seconds before Dream pulls out, and George doesn't have the energy to be upset about the loss. Dream kisses his hairline, then his nose, then his mouth, before scooping him up in his arms, carrying him quickly across the hall to the bathroom for a bath to clean him up and help his muscles untense.

"It's times like these that I'm glad I paid for a big tub," Dream says, positively beaming at George as he climbs in behind him, wrapping his arms around him and nuzzling his face against the crook of George's neck. "Sit here 'n let me wash you up, okay?"

George nods, already half asleep.

*

Dream scrolls through Twitter, long after George had fallen asleep in the bed next to him, cuddled up nice and close. A notification pops on the screen.

sapnap

> can i come home now or are you guys still fucking?

Chapter End Notes

thank you all so much for the support on the first part :) i was really scared to post it. i've decided i'm going to put this into a series because i plan on posting more fics on anon.

if you have any sort of requests for smut fics leave a comment! if it isn't something i'm comfortable with i'll let you know (general guidelines are: no scat, nothing involving non-con/dub-con/cnc, no ageplay, nothing involving minors (obviously), and i think that's it). i hope everyone has a good day

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!